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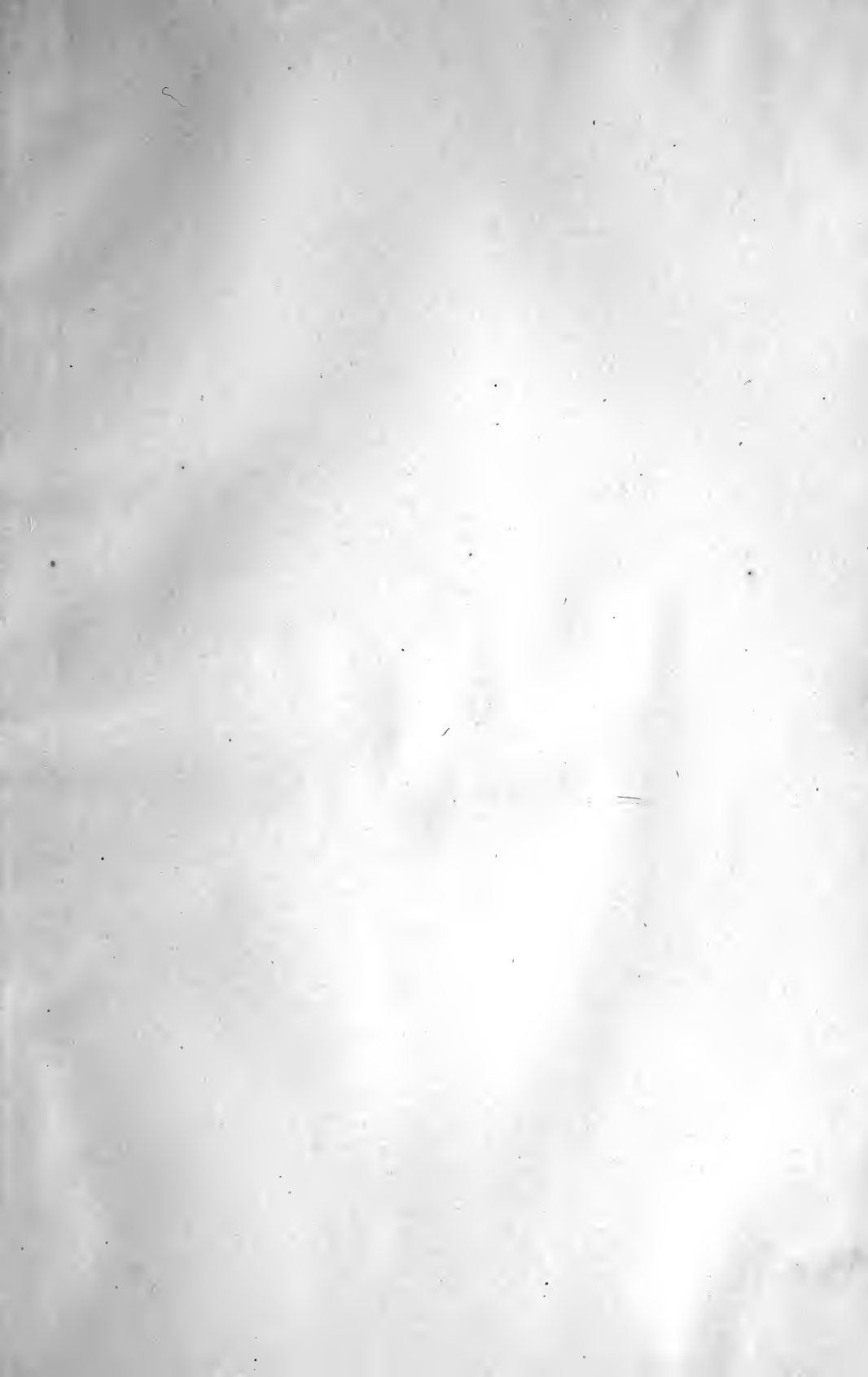
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









Home College Series. 28

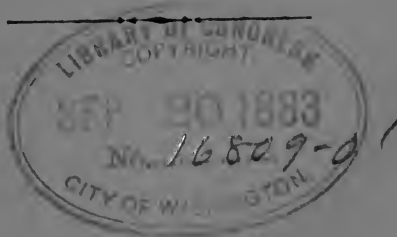
Number ~~~~~ \* ~~~~~ Thirty-Six.

# READINGS

FROM

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

40



NEW YORK:  
PHILLIPS & HUNT.

CINCINNATI:  
WALDEN & STOWE

1883.

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THE "HOME COLLEGE SERIES" will contain one hundred short papers on a wide range of subjects—biographical, historical, scientific, literary, domestic, political, and religious. Indeed, the religious tone will characterize all of them. They are written for every body—for all whose leisure is limited, but who desire to use the minutes for the enrichment of life.

These papers contain seeds from the best gardens in all the world of human knowledge, and if dropped wisely into good soil, will bring forth harvests of beauty and value.

They are for the young—especially for young people (and older people, too) who are out of the schools, who are full of "business" and "cares," who are in danger of reading nothing, or of reading a sensational literature that is worse than nothing.

One of these papers a week read over and over, thought and talked about at "odd times," will give in one year a vast fund of information, an intellectual quickening, worth even more than the mere knowledge acquired, a taste for solid reading, many hours of simple and wholesome pleasure, and ability to talk intelligently and helpfully to one's friends.

Pastors may organize "Home College" classes, or "Lyceum Reading Unions," or "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles," and help the young people to read and think and talk and live to worthier purpose.

A young man may have his own little "college" all by himself, read this series of tracts one after the other, (there will soon be one hundred of them ready,) examine himself on them by the "Thought-Outline to Help the Memory," and thus gain knowledge, and, what is better, a *love* of knowledge.

And what a young man may do in this respect, a young woman, and both old men and old women, may do.

J. H. VINCENT.

NEW YORK, Jan., 1883.



READINGS FROM  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.\*

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THE RAINBOW.

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky :  
So was it when my life began ;  
So is it now I am a man ;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die !  
The child is father of the man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

---

A SONNET.

SCORN not the sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned  
Mindless of its just honors ; with this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound,  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ;  
Camöens soothed with it an exile's grief ;  
The sonnet glittered a gay mistle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow ; a glow-worm lamp,  
It cheered Miles Spencer ; called from Faery-land,  
To struggle through dark ways ; and, when a damp  
Fell 'round the path of Milton, in his hand,  
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

---

TO THE DAISY.

BRIGHT flower, whose home is every-where !  
A pilgrim bold in nature's care,  
And all the long year through the heir  
Of joy or sorrow,

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\* See "Home College Series, Number Two."

Methinks that there abides in thee  
 Some concord with humanity,  
 Given to no other flower I see  
     The forest thorough!

Is it that man is soon depressed?  
 A thoughtless thing! who, once unblest,  
 Does little on his memory rest,  
     Or on his reason;  
 But thou wouldst teach him how to find  
 A shelter under every wind,  
 A hope for times that are unkind,  
     And every season.

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
 Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
 With friends to greet thee, or without,  
     Yet pleased and willing;  
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
 And all things suffering from all,  
 Thy function apostolical  
     In peace fulfilling.

---

### YARROW UNVISITED.

FROM Stirling Castle we have seen  
 The mazy Forth unraveled;  
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,  
 And with the Tweed had traveled;  
 And when we came to Clovenford,  
 Then said my "*winsome marrow*,"  
 "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
 And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,  
 Who have been buying, selling,  
 Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;  
 Each maiden to her dwelling!  
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!  
 But we will downward with the Tweed,  
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

“There’s Gala Water, Leader Haughs,  
 Both lying right before us;  
 And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed  
 The lintwhites sing in chorus;  
 There’s pleasant Teviotdale, a land  
 Made blithe with plow and harrow:  
 Why throw away a needful day  
 To go in search of Yarrow?”

“What’s Yarrow but a river bare,  
 That glides the dark hills under?  
 There are a thousand such elsewhere  
 As worthy of your wonder.”  
 Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn:  
 My true love sighed for sorrow;  
 And looked me in the face, to think  
 I thus could speak of Yarrow!

“O, green,” said I, “are Yarrow’s holms,  
 And sweet is Yarrow flowing!  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
 But we will leave it growing.  
 O’er hilly path, and open strath,  
 We’ll wander Scotland thorough:  
 But, though so near, we will not turn  
 Into the dale of Yarrow.

“Let beeves and home-bred kine partake  
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;  
 The swan on still St. Mary’s Lake  
 Float double, swan and shadow!  
 We will not see them; will not go,  
 To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
 Enough if in our hearts we know  
 There’s such a place as Yarrow.

“Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!  
 It must, or we shall rue it:  
 We have a vision of our own;  
 Ah! why should we undo it?  
 The treasured dreams of times long past,  
 We’ll keep them, winsome marrow!  
 For when we’re there, although ’tis fair,  
 ’Twill be another Yarrow!

"If care with freezing years should come,  
 And wandering seem but folly—  
 Should we be loth to stir from home,  
 And yet be melancholy ;  
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,  
 That earth has something yet to show,  
 The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

### YARROW VISITED.

AND is this Yarrow? This the stream  
 Of which my fancy cherished,  
 So faithfully, a waking dream?  
 An image that hath perished!  
 O, that some minstrel's harp were near,  
 To utter notes of gladness,  
 And chase this silence from the air,  
 That fills my heart with sadness.

Yet why? A silvery current flows  
 With uncontrolled meanderings;  
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake  
 Is visibly delighted;  
 For not a feature of those hills  
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
 Save where that pearly whiteness  
 Is round the rising sun diffused,  
 A tender hazy brightness:  
 Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
 All profitless dejection:  
 Though not unwilling here to admit  
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower  
 Of Yarrow vale lay bleeding?  
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
 On which the herd is feeding;

And haply from this crystal pool,  
 Now peaceful as the morning,  
 The water-wraith ascended thrice,  
 And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings  
 The haunts of happy lovers,  
 The path that leads them to the grove,  
 The leafy grove that covers:  
 And pity sanctifies the verse  
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
 The unconquerable strength of love;  
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou that didst appear so fair  
 To fond imagination,  
 Dost rival in the light of day  
 Her delicate creation:  
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
 A softness still and holy;  
 The grace of forest charms decayed,  
 And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
 Rich groves of lofty stature,  
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
 Of cultivated nature;  
 And, rising from those lofty groves,  
 Behold a ruin hoary!  
 The shattered front of Newark's towers,  
 Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom;  
 For sportive youth to stray in;  
 For manhood to enjoy his strength;  
 And age to wear away in!  
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
 A covert for protection  
 Of tender thoughts that nestle there,  
 The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
 The wild-wood's fruits to gather,  
 And on my true love's forehead plant  
 A crest of blooming heather!

And what if I enwreathed my own !  
 'Twere no offense to reason ;  
 The sober hills thus deck their brows  
 To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,  
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee !  
 A ray of fancy still survives—  
 Her sunshine plays upon thee !  
 Thy ever youthful waters keep  
 A course of lively pleasure ;  
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,  
 According to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights,  
 They melt and soon must vanish ;  
 One hour is theirs, no more is mine—  
 Sad thought, which I would banish,  
 But that I know, where'er I go,  
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow,  
 Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,  
 And cheer my mind in sorrow !

---

### ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God !  
 O Duty ! if that name thou love,  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove ;  
 Thou who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe ;  
 From vain temptations dost set free ;  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth ;  
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
 Who do thy work, and know it not :  
 Long may the kindly impulse last !  
 But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast !

Serene will be our days and bright,  
 And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
 Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stern lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
 Nor know we any thing so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face :  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds ;  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;  
 And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh  
 and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power,  
 I call thee ; I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
 O, let my weakness have an end !  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice !  
 The confidence of reason give ;  
 And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !

---

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

“ The child is father of the man ;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.” (See page 1.)

“ The Ode on Immortality marks the highest limit which the tide of poetic inspiration has reached in England since the days of Milton.”—*Shairp*.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Appareled in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore—  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the rose;  
 The moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair;  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong:  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
 And all the ear this gay;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every beast keep holiday;  
 Thou child of joy,  
 Shout round me; let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
 O evil day! if I were sullen  
 While the earth itself is adorning,  
 This sweet May morning,



And the children are pulling, -  
     On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
     But there's a tree, of many, one,  
 A single field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:  
     The pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat:  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
     Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
     And cometh from afar:  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
     From God, who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     Upon the growing boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
     He sees it in his joy;  
 The youth, who daily farther from the east  
     Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended;  
 At length the man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasure of her own;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,  
     And no unworthy aim,  
     The homely nurse doth all she can  
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six-years' darling of a pigmy size!  
 See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;  
     A wedding or a festival,  
     A mourning or a funeral;  
     And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song:  
     Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
     But it will not be long  
     Ere this be thrown aside,  
     And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
 That life brings with her in her equipage;  
     As if his whole vocation  
     Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 Thy soul's immensity;  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind—  
     Mighty prophet! seer blest!  
     On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
 Thou, over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by;  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction; not, indeed,  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:

Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:

But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal silence; truths that wake

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
 Nor man, nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
 Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now forever taken from my sight,

    Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
    We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;  
    In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be,  
    In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering,  
    In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
Think not of any severing of our loves!  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might:  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
    Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE EXCURSION.

“To many who care little for the philosophy, the ‘Excursion’ will always be dear for the pictures of mountain scenes. The two books of ‘The Church-yard Among the Mountains’ are, beyond all the others, sustained in interest and perfect in style. The silent tenants of the ‘Church-yard’ are so many separate individual portraits of the deeper side of character.”—*Shairp*.

From one of these books the following selections are made :

“Almost at the root

Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare  
 And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,  
 Oft stretches toward me, like a long straight path  
 Traced faintly in the green sward—there, beneath  
 A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,  
 From whom in early childhood was withdrawn  
 The precious gift of hearing. He grew up  
 From year to year in loneliness of soul ;  
 And this deep mountain valley was to him  
 Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn  
 Did never rouse this cottager from sleep  
 With startling summons ; not for his delight  
 The vernal cuckoo shouted ; not for him  
 Murmured the laboring bee. When stormy winds  
 Were working the broad bosom of the lake  
 Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,  
 Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud  
 Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,  
 The agitated scene before his eye  
 Was silent as a picture ; evermore  
 Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.  
 Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts  
 Upheld, he duteously pursued the round  
 Of rural labors ; the steep mountain-side  
 Ascended with his staff and faithful dog ;  
 The plow he guided, and the scythe he swayed ;  
 And the ripe corn before his sickle fell  
 Among the jocund reapers. For himself,  
 All watchful and industrious as he was,  
 He wrought not ; neither field nor flock he owned :  
 No wish for wealth had place within his mind ;  
 Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care.  
 Though born a younger brother, need was none  
 That from the floor of his paternal home

He should depart, to plant himself anew.  
And when, mature in manhood, he beheld  
His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued  
Of rights to him ; but he remained well pleased,  
By the pure bond of independent love,  
An inmate of a second family,  
The fellow-laborer and friend of him  
To whom the small inheritance had fallen.  
Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight  
That pressed upon his brother's house, for books  
Were ready comrades whom he could not tire—  
Of whose society the blameless man  
Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,  
Even to old age, with unabated charm  
Beguiled his leisure hours; refreshed his thoughts;  
Beyond its natural elevation raised  
His introverted spirit; and bestowed  
Upon his life an outward dignity  
Which all acknowledged. The dark winter night,  
The stormy day, had each its own resource;  
Song of the muses, sage historic tale,  
Science severe, or word of Holy Writ,  
Announcing immortality and joy  
To the assembled spirits of the just,  
From imperfection and decay secure.  
Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,  
To no perverse suspicion he gave way,  
No languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint;  
And they, who were about him, did not fail  
In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized  
His gentle manners; and his peaceful smiles,  
The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,  
Were met with answering sympathy and love.

“At length, when sixty years and five were told,  
A slow disease insensibly consumed  
The powers of nature; and a few short steps  
Of friends and kindred bore him from his home  
(Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)  
To the profounder stillness of the grave.  
Nor was his funeral denied the grace  
Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief;

Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.  
And now that monumental stone preserves  
His name, and unambitiously relates  
How long, and by what kindly outward aids,  
And in what pure contentedness of mind,  
The sad privation was by him endured.  
And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing sound  
Was wasted on the good man's living ear,  
Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;  
And, at the touch of every wandering breeze,  
Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

“Soul-cheering light, most bountiful of things!  
Guide of our way, mysterious comforter!  
Whose sacred influence, spread through earth and heaven,  
We all too thanklessly participate;  
Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him  
Whose place of rest is near yon ivied porch.  
Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he complained;  
Ask of the channeled rivers if they held  
A safer, easier, more determined course.  
What terror doth it strike into the mind  
To think of one who cannot see advancing  
Toward some precipice's airy brink!  
But, timely warned, *he* would have stayed his steps;  
Protected, say enlightened, by his ear,  
And on the very edge of vacancy  
Not more endangered than a man whose eye  
Beholds the gulf beneath. No floweret blooms  
Throughout the lofty range of these rough hills,  
Or in the woods, that could from him conceal  
Its birthplace; none whose figure did not live  
Upon his touch. The bowels of the earth  
Enriched with knowledge his industrious mind;  
The ocean paid him tribute from the stores  
Lodged in her bosom; and, by science led,  
His genius mounted to the plains of heaven.  
Methinks I see him—how his eye-balls rolled  
Beneath his ample brow, in darkness paired.  
But each instinct with spirit; and the frame  
Of the whole countenance alive with thought,  
Fancy, and understanding; while the voice

Discours'd of natural or moral truth  
 With eloquence, and such authentic power,  
 That, in his presence, humbler knowledge stood  
 Abashed, and tender pity overawed."

"A noble—and, to unreflecting minds,  
 A marvelous spectacle," the wanderer said,  
 "Beings like these present! But proof abounds  
 Upon the earth that faculties, which seem  
 Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease to be,  
 And to the mind among her powers of sense  
 This transfer is permitted—not alone  
 That the bereft their recompense may win;  
 But for remoter purposes of love  
 And charity; nor last nor least for this,  
 That to the imagination may be given  
 A type and shadow of an awful truth;  
 How, likewise, under sufferance divine,  
 Darkness is banished from the realms of death,  
 By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.  
 Unto the men who see not as we see  
 Futurity was thought, in ancient times,  
 To be laid open, and they prophesied.  
 And know ye not that from the blind have flowed  
 The highest, holiest raptures of the lyre,  
 And wisdom married to immortal verse?"

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#### FROM LINES ON TINTERN ABBEY.

Nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
 From joy to joy; for she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress  
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings.



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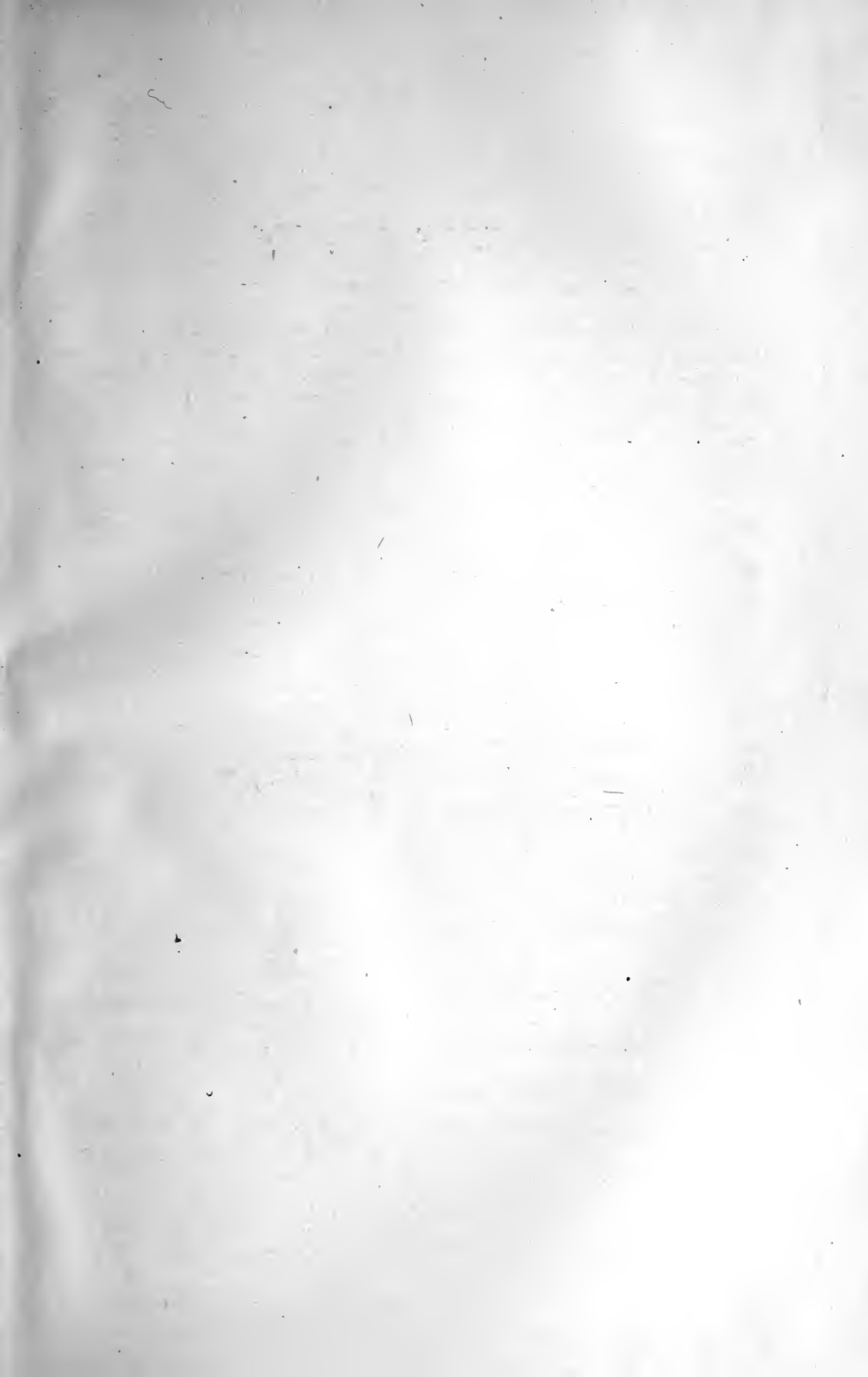
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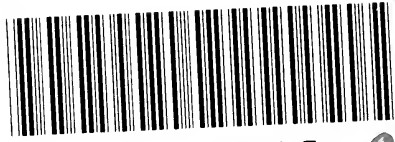
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